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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1901. NUMBER 14

THE WAGNER WEEK AT TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

July 29th---August 2nd, 1901.

FIVE FORENOON STUDIES AND ONE EVENING CONDUCTED BY MISS ANNE B. MITCHELL.

Supplementary Program (see page 223).

1. The Niflung and Völsung-saga of the Edda.
2. Sigurd the Völsung. (William Morris).
3. The Lay of the Nibelungs. 1st half.
4. The Lay of the Nibelungs. 2d half.

(Horton & Bell's translation of the Nibelungen Lied.)

5. Wagner's adaption of the Nibelungen and Völsunga-saga.

EVENING: Bayreuth and the Nibelungen Ring, with stereopticon and musical illustration.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE:

The Edda of Saemundar.	Thorpe.
Sigurd the Volsung.	William Morris.
The Lay of the Nibelungs.	Horton & Bell.
Das Nibelungen Lied.	Simrock.
Jordan's Nibelunge.	
Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt.	Hueffer.
Studies in the Wagnerian Drama.	Krebhiel.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

SEVENTH GENERAL SESSION TO BE HELD IN BUFFALO JUNE 26th TO JULY 1st.

THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF RELIGION AND THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION COOPERATING.

PROGRAM, SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION IN THE NEW CENTURY.

Wednesday, June 26, 8 p. m., OPENING SESSION, *Temple Beth-Zion.*

1. Introductory exercises in charge of Dr. O. P. Gifford, chairman of the local committee who will give the welcome address on behalf of the city of Buffalo.

2. Address of welcome on behalf of the Pan-American Exposition.

3. Five minute greetings by representatives of other American countries, Canada, Mexico, South America, etc.

4. Response by the president of the Congress and opening sermon by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., of Chicago, president of the congress.

Thursday Morning 10 a. m., Church of our Father (Unitarian), Delmar avenue near Huron street; Rev. Adelbert Hudson, pastor.

NEW CENTURY PROBLEMS OF RELIGION IN THE HOME AND SCHOOL.

Addresses by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Cambridge, Mass., "The Moral and Religious Life of Young Women;" Miss Ellen Sabin, president of Milwaukee Downer College, Milwaukee "Ethics and Education"; Prof. D. G. Duvall, Wesleyan College, Delaware, O., "Religious Care of the Adolescent"; Rev. Frank O. Hall, of Cambridge, Mass., and others.

Thursday Afternoon, 4 p. m., meeting in the "Tent Evangelist."

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION FOR THE WORLD OF BUSINESS.

Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Boston, "What is Business For"; Prof. J. W. Jenks, Cornell University, "Social Effects of the Concentration of Wealth"; N. O. Nelson, Esq., St. Louis, "Better Homes for the Toilers."

Thursday, 8 p. m., Church of the Messiah, (Universalist), North and Mariner streets; pastor, Rev. L. M. Powers.

PROBLEMS OF RELIGION FOR THE CHURCH.

Addresses by Prof. George William Knox, Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.; Prof. Walter G. Everett, Brown University, Rhode Island; "The Church and the Educated Classes"; Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y., "Experimental Theology and Experimental Religion."

Friday Morning, 10 a. m., Church of Our Father.

PROBLEMS FOR THE CHURCH, continued.

Prof. Orello Cone, Canton Theological School, Canton, N. Y., "The Tendency Toward Agreement of New Testament Scholars"; Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, pastor Fullerton Ave. Presbyterian Church, "The Non-Combative in Religion."

Friday Afternoon, 4 p. m., "Tent Evangelist."

PROBLEMS OF AMUSEMENT.

Addresses by Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, of New York; R. A. White, of Chicago, and others, "Relation of the Church to Amusements."

Friday Evening, 8 p. m., Delaware Baptist Church, Delmar avenue, near Utica street; pastor, Rev. O. P. Gifford.

RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS FOR THE STATE.

Addresses by Hon. Bird S. Coler, of New York, "Religion in Politics;" Hon. John A. Taylor, of New York, "Religion as a Factor in Citizenship;" Prof. Frank Parsons, Boston Law School, "Religion and Public Ownership," and others.

Saturday, June 29, 10 a. m., Church of Our Father. Sessions in charge of New York Conference of Religion.

Addresses by Prof. William Newton Clarke, D. D., Hamilton, N. Y., "Religion as an Experience"; Rev. William M. Brundage, D. D., Albany, N. Y.; Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University, and Rev. Thomas C. Straus, Peekskill, N. Y., "Biblical Criticism as Promotive of Religion."

Saturday, 4 p. m., "Tent Evangelist." (Programme to be announced.)

Saturday, 8 p. m., place of meeting to be announced; sessions in charge of New York Conference of Religion.

Address by Mr. Frank Moss, New York City, and Rev. William Burnett Wright, D. D., Buffalo, on "The Civic Conscience"; Rev. M. H. Harris, Ph. D., New York City, and Mrs. Samuel E. Eastman, Elmira, N. Y., on "Possibilities of Common Worship."

Sunday, June 30, the Congress speakers will occupy various churches Sunday morning.

Sunday, 7:30 *p. m.*, in the afternoon Peace Conference will be held in the "Tent Evangelist," Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, presiding and making the opening address; Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, "The Golden Rule in Internationalism;" Dr. Smith Baker, of Albany, "Young Men and War," and others.

Monday, July 1.

The Free Religious Association of America is arranging for coordinated sessions for Monday, program for which will be further announced.

PLACES OF MEETING.—The "Church of Our Father" where the morning sessions will be held is a down town church conveniently located to the hotels, boarding houses, rooms. The "Tent Evangelist," the hospitalities of which are extended to the Congress by the proprietor of *The New York Evangelist* is conveniently located on one of the main street car lines, a short distance from the "GATE BEAUTIFUL" of the Pan-American Exposition, and can be conveniently visited by the guests on their way home from a day's study of the exposition or on their way out to an enjoyment of the evening display. The evening meetings will be held in the churches located in the residence districts to better accommodate the citizens of Buffalo.

PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.—"The Castle Inn" of which President Fillmore's old homestead is the nucleus will be the Congress' headquarters where officers of the Congress may be found. It is situated on Niagara Square and Delaware Ave. Terms $3 per day, American plan, two in a room. Rooms can be secured in the neighborhood or in desirable parts of the city at $1 per day. The secretary of the local committee, Rev. Burris A. Jenkins, 325 Bryant St., Buffalo, will engage such rooms as may be applied for by mail beforehand.

RAILROADS.—All the great railway systems will be carrying passengers at that time on special rates to Buffalo. For particulars inquire of your local agents.

For further particulars consult revised and enlarged issues of this program in succeeding issues of "Unity."

LOCAL COMMITTEE.—Rev. O. P. Gifford, D.D., Chairman, Delaware Ave. Baptist Church; Rev. Adelbert Hudson, Church of Our Father (Unitarian); Rev. L. M. Powers, Church of the Messiah (Universalist); Rev. Israel Aaron, D.D., Beth-Zion Temple; Rev. Chas. E. Locke, D.D., Delaware Ave. M. E. Church; Rev. Chas. E. Rhodes, Park Presbyterian Church; Rev. Burris A Jenkins, Secretary, Richmond Ave. Church of Christ (Disciples).

COOPERATING COMMITTEE OF THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE.—Rev. S. Leighton Williams, Secretary; Rev. T. R. Slicer, All Souls Church, New York; Mr. J. M. Whiton, Ph. D., "The Outlook," New York.

COOPERATING COMMITTEE OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.—Lewis G. Janes, President; T. W. Higginson, Vice-President; Edwin D. Mead.

Any subscription to the funds of the Congress to help carry out this program will be gratefully received. Correspondence solicited.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Secretary,
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1901. NUMBER 14

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, have gone to Europe to spend several months in historical and political studies. They will attend the King Alfred millennial celebration at Winchester, and will represent the American Peace Society in the International Peace Congress at Glasgow. Mr. Mead leaves the *New England Magazine* in other hands, but may resume the editorship later. UNITY wishes these industrious tillers of the higher field's *bon voyage*. We do not know how to spare them, but Europe needs them.

Whatever may be said of the wisdom or unwisdom of Mr. Carnegie's unparalleled gifts to the Scotch University of seven and a half millions, we are glad it contains a recognition of a "business man," a so-called "man of the world," of the value of the higher education, not simply to some alleged leisure class, but to everybody. The educational value of a technical education is fully established. That trained minds make for trained brains is demonstrated, but there is something sordid in the clamor for a "practical education," that denies or at least ignores the joy and co-operation that go with a so-called liberal education. The school that is shaped to practical ends only will soon prove impractical. Boys and girls must needs be educated to live rather than to "get a living." The things a boy does not need to know in order to "get along" are probably the things he must needs know. In education as elsewhere there is a valuable philosophy in the humor of the man who said "that he would be willing to do without the necessities of life if only he had the luxuries." Let educators seek the wisdom here imbedded.

The Supreme Court has at last rendered its decision. As might be expected, it is a divided and a distracted opinion, one that can give but little consolation to either side. It is an illustration of a principle too easily lost sight of that the average opinion is lower than the maximum of private opinion. If we mistake not, the individual opinions of Justices Fuller and Harlan carry more weight than the compromise judgment represented by the bare majority. The hypnotic influence of commercialism and militarism may have reached the Supreme bench. Be that as it may, the most hopeful sign of the times, to our mind, is found in the fact that this decision does not bring the jubilant response that it would have brought a year ago. Now that the cause of our so-called dependents is lost on the battlefield, as indeed it was from the start lost in Congress, and apparently on the Supreme bench, and the American people are conceded the right to do as they please with this captured territory, the American citizen begins to ask the sober second thought, and the how are we to manage them? gives way to the why should we manage them? There is a higher court of the Golden Rule still to be appealed to.

Congress Notes.

By the fullness of the program and the necessarily crowded condition of the page an analysis of the interesting proceedings is necessary in order to appreciate the scope of the field covered and the expert testimony that will there be offered. "The Problems of the Church" will occupy two sessions, Thursday night and Friday morning, and in the discussion of them the Union Theological Seminary, the Canton Theological Seminary and the Brown University will be represented, and two speakers who represent the active and successful work of the ministry, the Rev. Mr. Calthrop of Syracuse and the Rev. Mr. Rondthaler of Chicago will be heard. In the discussion of "School and Home Problems" the ex-president of Wellesley College, the president of Milwaukee-Downer College, and a professor of psychology and philosophy from the Wesleyan College are among the speakers. The whole question will be summed up by the Rev. Frank O. Hall, of Cambridge.

"The Religious Problems for the World of Business" will occupy one session at which N. O. Nelson, Esq., whose successful handling of a great industry on humanitarian lines is world famous; Prof. Jenks, of Cornell, and the Rev. Mr. Dole, of Boston, have a right to be heard on the topics which they announce. Revs. Merle St. Croix Wright, of New York, and R. A. White, of Chicago, will lead in the discussion of "The Problems of Amusement."

"Religion as an Experience," "The Civic Conscience," "Biblical Criticism and Possibilities of Common Worship" are topics which the New York Conference of Religion will bring forward on Saturday.

In the way of further announcements we are glad to announce that on Saturday afternoon there will be an Interconfessional Fellowship Meeting, probably led by Theodore F. Seward, secretary of The Union Golden Rule Brotherhood; Sister Sanghamitta will bring a message from Buddhism; other speakers to follow.

It is definitely settled that The Free Religious Association will prolong the program to Monday and enrich the season with a discussion of "The Outlook for Religious Freedom in the Present World Crisis." President Janes writes us: "It is safe to announce among the speakers Rabbi Charles Fleisch, of Boston; Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Toronto, Canada; Shaedi Abd-Allah Shaedi, of Syria, and Swami Abhedananda, of India. Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts College, Rev. Anna Garland Spencer, of Providence, are among the possibilities.

The secretary will be very glad to send packages of the program in any number asked for to any address. The local committee of Buffalo are preparing to circulate five thousand copies of the program before the meeting. The co-operation of the religious press of

all denominations extending the notice of this Congress, which represents interests in common to all denominations, is respectfully solicited and will be duly appreciated.

The Professional Warrior.

An Address at the Women's Peace Meeting in Rochester, N. Y., on May 18, 1901, the Day when the International Court of Arbitration was Opened at the Hague.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

The wars and the professional warriors are the refuse shell-heaps of an earlier and lower stage of civilzation. They lie along the coasts of history, marking the conditions that once prevailed among men. We still eat oysters, but we do not live mainly on them, as men once did in certain parts of the earth. In civilized communities we are passing out of the day of fisticuffs as a method of settling disputes between individuals. Wherever the duel lingers, though it be in the heart of an Emperor and a goodly nation, we note the fact as a relic of the lower stage. Wherever the wrath of a community takes the form of lynch-law instead of the slower, saner, surer methods of court law, we deplore the fact as again the sign of lower civilization lingering in our midst. It is not to the credit of an American home, but to its discredit, another sign of the lower survival, when its boy wants to go to West Point, that is, wants to select war, in either its defensive or its aggressive form, as his occupation for life,—the thing he was sent on earth to do. We cannot dispense as yet with the police force in the community: it serves a useful purpose of protection against the thieves and the thugs. But we call it well the police "force"; it counts among the "forces" that throttle wrong and preserve conditions of advance, rather than among the "influences" which minister positively to growth. And the American parent should remember that his boy who chooses the army, the warrior's life, is choosing a profession whose nobler side, protcetion, is represented by the police force. The professional soldier is not the nobler policeman; the policeman is the nobler professional soldier. It is not to the credit of a community, but a sign of the lower survival, that the statues and monuments set in its public places, silently proclaiming, "These are our ideals of manhood and patriotism; these the makers of our nation,"—not to a community's credit, I say, that these should be mainly monuments to men of the sword. It is not to the credit of the Republic, or of its really Grand Army of Veterans, but a sign of the lower survival, that these veterans should so dim the nation's sense of their perilous service forty years back by demanding ever since, and so loudly, so large a part of the national revenues by way of gratitude. It makes such service something distinctly other than patriotic for old soldier or new.

The man of the sword, the man of the club—let us do justice to their personal bravery, so often exhibited; to their willingness to die in the service which they have selected to render; to the nobility of personal character so often possessed; to the part they play in defending us against the incursions of ruffianism; but let us not believe, or make believe, that the men and the methods of force—of force represented by the executioner's tools—should have the honors we give to the real upbuilders and advancers of civilization.

It needs plain words like these, unwelcome words, to shock us into discernment of facts, so deep in us all is our readiness to resort to the ways of the sword and the club, of "force" instead of "influence," to accomplish our ends. So deep in us *all*. How like an epidemic swept over the land at the word of our President, two years ago, the idea of American expansion by means of the sword and the club! In the cause of an expanded America Americans have been engaged for two years on distant islands in *killing the men who are most like themselves in their love of independence!* Two years of that work! Is the name for that deed "expansion" of America? Let us call it aright: expansion of American brawn and contraction of American brain, contraction of the American heart, the American conscience, the American ideals. How the ideals—we will not speak of chivalry or generosity, but of liberty, of democracy, of justice between strong and weak—have *contracted* within the American bosom by yielding to the temptation called "expansion" of territory and trade! We have left the track of our own history, of our direction of progress. We have gone down into the great amphitheater and joined the gladiators of violence, to snatch with them for the gladiators' reward—nay, not that, for gladiators meet their equals, but to snatch for the gain and the praise that is given to the conquering bully. And for *that* we have lost one of the greatest opportunities a nation ever had offered in human history to exemplify our ideals, those which America has hitherto stood for, to uplift them and testify to them before the eyes of the world in the world's amphitheater. *That* would have been America's expansion indeed! Only two years or so—think how in these very May days, the first of the century, we might have been celebrating and rejoicing in the most precious things of America advanced, expanded, multiplied, had we but used our opportunity aright, and been *true* to America!

It is not utterly and irreparably too late to amend our mistake. Through three-fourths of our first national century we had a terrible inconsistency with Americanism enshrined in our very Constitution,—that slavery of the black man, which it took the terrible war to pluck forth. What a reparation of wrong was that war! How we are still living and long destined to live in the shadows of that reparation!

"Though the mills of God grind slow, they grind exceeding small:
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

Let us not beguile ourselves with the fancy that reparation, national, historic, will not be exacted of us for what we have done, and are doing still, in the Philippine Islands. But as in slavery's case, it may be that, with convulsion of conscience and confession of wrong and pangs of reconstruction, we shall return to our truer selves, bring America back again on the track of her history and her ideals of justice and liberty. May it be! Let us pray, let us vote, let us strive in all ways,

as citizens may, that that change of heart and of plan come about.

To that end we are met here today in the Temple of Peace, as those who would appeal against war and the warrior to that which is best in the warrior's self, best in ourselves, best in the heart of men and women the world over. We come here recalling the words of our great general, Sherman, who said, "War is Hell"! And as those who honor Grant most, not that he led us through the Wilderness of war, but that on the edge of the Wilderness, as he broke our way through, he used the very first glimmer of light to pronounce the words, "Let us have Peace"! We sit here remembering our great Commoner, Lincoln, the truest embodiment yet among public men of the real American in origin, conscience and heart, who ended his second Inaugural Address with the prayer that "the mighty scourge of war might speedily pass away," and that the people, "with malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, might do all which would achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

All that we can do here and at this moment is to testify in simple, strong words that we believe in Peace as the end and Good-Will as the method of reaching that end—nay, let us say, in Good-Will among nations as the end, and in Peace among nations, in all but the extremest and rarest of needs, as the method of reaching and maintaining Good-Will and its fair brood of consequences. We hail the accession of *Arbitration,* that democratic common-sense Peace-Maker, to her rightful throne above all tribunals of violence. We hail her elevation from the play-ground of the quarrelling boys, from the floor of the markets, from the antechambers of justice, from the halls where employers and employees meet to adjust differences, her elevation at last to the tribunal where nation meets nation to settle national disputes. Long may she sit there, her face ever brightening, her word ever flowing with stronger and deeper persuasion over the angry hearts of the peoples—till the vast standing armies melt back into citizens, till the battle-monsters of the sea mould at their moorings,

"Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

All that we can do at this moment, I say, is to testify thus to our hope. What we can do tomorrow, and shall need to do in many a morrow, is to stand firmly, by voice, by vote, by deed as we may, for the things that make for Peace; and most of all to stand thus, when the neighbors, the ministers, the editors, the Governors, the Presidents, the Parties call it "treason" to do so, and are yielding to temptation, and leading the country to war.

The world is wide
In time and tide,
And—God is guide;
Then do not hurry.

That man is blest
Who does his best,
And—leaves the rest;
Then do not worry.

Dr. Deems.

All's Well.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;
So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

A Russian Toiler.

Banishment is nothing new to the humanitarian. For Tolstoy, the friend of labor, it is what might have been expected. Not only is he a toiler—as the Nazarene once was—but a fearless speaker as well. Like Saul, Tolstoy did not kick against the priests at first. He took the university and army training without rebelling. But his friend Turgenieff could read the inward protest of the young man. Lyof was early weary of the low ideals of the Russian literary world and of the aristocracy. Through superior advantages they essayed to rule and to teach those whose motives were as lofty and hearts as pure as were their own.

Shortly the whole drama of society came home to the young prophet. The poverty of the multitude; the thoughtlessness and prodigality of the "upper 400," and the hollowness of the St. Petersburg and Moscow literary life.

Once the entire thing became quite plain, he withdrew from the old pleasures, the old precincts, the old friends, and went into the country to teach those on the family estate of Yasnaya Polyana. The peasants had but scarcely been "freed" outwardly by the Tzar. They had not craved freedom for themselves. They needed an awakening; a class consciousness of their own if they were to do men's work in the world. Tolstoy knew this and he did, in a simple way, in the Mir district, what Maurice, Kingsley and Ruskin had been doing in London—opened a Maoujik Academy—a workingmen's college. It had the air of a peasant country Chautauqua about it, or a Workers' Neighborhood Settlement. Like many a grange, it did a certain work and passed away. But it bore the stamp of Tolstoy's democratic spirit. It was neither his academy, nor was it the Maoujik's. It was theirs. It belonged to them together: in a community way; a group way, voluntarily.

Whatever were the facts about the informal academy's ownership, I rejoice in its spontaneity—its fraternity. About it there is a togetherness of brawn and brain that speaks for the healing of the classes. It was the Brook Farm spirit that would find place for workers' homes at a Lithia Springs, and for toilers' columns (now and again) in a UNITY. The followers of a Tolstoy or a Kropotkin breathe a breath of abandon and spontaneity into organized labor in our cities.

There is a fiber about this Lyof Tolstoy that takes one back to Paul the apostle. There is a sanity about his daily work that should have appealed more strongly to Max Nordau. It makes me feel like going out to the toilers in the old Franciscan way and singing them an occasional snatch from a liberal law—content to be alive and happy if I can but "lift some fallen robin to his nest again." J. E. HOWE.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Born Frederickswaern, Norway, 1848. Died in New York City, 1895. He was graduated at the University of Christiania and removed to Chicago, Ill., where he was associate editor of a Scandinavian paper. He was professor of German at Cornell and professor of Germanic language at Columbia College. In addition to his poems he published essays and stories.

The Lost Hellas.

O for a breath of myrtle and of bay,
And glints of sunny skies through dark leaves flashing,
And dimpling seas beneath a golden day,
Against the strand with soft susurrus plashing!
And fair nude youths, with shouts and laughter dashing
Along the shining beach in martial play!
And rearing 'gainst the sky their snowy portals,
The temples of the glorious Immortals!

Thus oft thou risest, Hellas, from my soul—
A vision of the happy vernal ages,
When men first strove to read life's mystic scroll,
But with the torch of joy lit up its pages,
When with untroubled front the cheerful sages
Serenely wandered toward their shadowy goal,
And praised the gods in dance of stately measure,
And stooped to pluck the harmless bud of pleasure.

Out of the darkness of the primal night,
Like as a dewy Delos from the ocean,
Thy glory rose—a birthplace for the bright
Sun-god of thought. And freedom, high devotion,
And song, sprung from the fount of pure emotion,
Bloomed in the footsteps of the God of light.
And Night shrank back before the joyous paean,
And flushed with morning rolled the blue Aegean.

Then on Olympus reigned a beauteous throng:
The heavens' wide arch by wrathful Zeus was shaken;
Fair Phoebus sped his radiant path along,
The darkling earth from happy sleep to waken;
And wept when by the timorous nymph forsaken,
His passion breathing in complaining song;
And kindled in the bard the sacred fire,
And lured sweet music from the silent lyre.

Then teemed the earth with creatures glad and fair;
A calm, benignant god dwelt in each river,
And through the rippling stream a naiad's bare
White limbs would upward faintly flash and quiver;
Through prisoning bark the dryad's sign would shiver,
Expiring softly on the languorous air;
And strange, low notes, that scarce the blunt sense seizes,
Were zephyr voices whispering in the breezes.

Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,
The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,
Sped through the silent space from star to star;
And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping.
And Psyche, on the lonely mountain weeping,
Was clasped to Eros' heart and wandered far
To brave dread Cerberus and the Stygian water,
With that sweet, dauntless trust her love had taught her.

On Nature's ample, warmly throbbing breast,
Both god and man and beast reposed securely;
And in one large embrace she closely pressed
The sum of being, myriad-shaped but surely
The self-same life; she saw the soul rise purely
Forever upward in its groping quest
For nobler forms and knew in all creation
The same divinely passionate pulsation.

Thus rose the legends fair, which faintly light
The misty centuries with their pallid glimmer,
Of fauns who roam on Mount Cithairon's height,
Where through the leaves their sunburnt faces shimmer;
And in cool copses, where the day is dimmer,
You hear the trampling of their herded flight;
And see the tree-tops wave their progress after,
And hear their shouts of wild, immortal laughter.

The vast and foaming life, the fierce desire
Which pulses hotly through the veins of Nature,
Creative rapture and the breath of fire
Which in exalting blight and slay the creature;
The forces seething 'neath each placid feature
Of Nature's visage which our awe inspire,
All glow and throb with fervid hope and gladness
In Dionysus and his sacred madness.

Each year the lovely god with vine-wreathed brow
In dreary transport roves the young earth over;
The faun that gayly swings the thyrsus bough,
The nymph chased hotly by her satyr lover,
The roguish Cupids mid the flowers that hover,
All join his clamorous train, and upward now
Sweep storms of voices through the heavens sonorous
With gusts of song and dithyrambic chorus.

But where great Nature guards her secret soul,
Where viewless fountains hum in sylvan closes,
There, leaned against a rugged oak-tree's bole,
Amid the rustling sedges, Pan reposes.
And round about the slumberous sunshine dozes,
While from his pastoral pipe rise sounds of dole;
And through the stillness in the forest reigning,
One hears afar the shrill, sad notes complaining.

Thus, in the olden time, while yet the world
A vale of joy was, and a lovely wonder,
Men plucked the bud within its calyx curled,
Revered the still, sweet life that slept thereunder;
They did not tear the delicate thing asunder
To see its beauty wantonly unfurled,
They sat at Nature's feet with awed emotion,
Like children listening to the mighty ocean.

And thus they nobly grew to perfect bloom,
With gaze unclouded, in serene endeavor.
No fever-vision from beyond the tomb
Broke o'er their bright and sunlit pathway ever.
For gently as a kiss came death to sever
From spirit flesh, and to the realm of gloom
The pallid shades with fearless brow descended
To Hades, by the winged god attended.

Why sorrow, then, with vain petitions seek
The lofty gods in their abodes eternal?
To live is pleasant, and to be a Greek:
To see the earth in garments fresh and vernal;
To watch the fair youths in their sports diurnal,
To feel against your own a maid's warm cheek,
To see from sculptured shrines the smoke ascending,
And with the clouds and ether vaguely blending.

And sweet it is to hear the noble tongue,
Pure Attic, Greek with soft precision spoken!
And ah! to hear its liquid music flung,
In rocking chords and melodies unbroken,
From Homer's stormy harp—the deathless token
That Hellas' Titan soul is strong and young—
Young as the spring that's past, whose name assuages
The gloom and sorrow of the sunless ages.

Her fanes are shattered and her bards are dead,
But, like a flame from ruins leaps her glory,
Up from her sacred dust, its rays to shed
On alien skies of art and song and story.
Her spirit, rising from her temples hoary,
Through barren climes dispersed, has northward fled;
As, though the flower be dead, its breath may hover,
A homeless fragrance sweet, the meadows over.

Rational Religion in the Sunday-School.

A Paper Read at the Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society May 16, 1901.

There is one respect, if no other, in which I deem myself competent to discuss the possibilities of imparting to the pupils of our Sunday Schools some knowledge of religion as it is viewed by enlightened reason; partly by power of circumstances and partly from my recognition of the importance of the work I have been active in the matter ever since I approached years of discretion. As a child I was from my first recollection a pupil in orthodox schools, and about the only active intellectual and moral impression which I have retained from any of those schools of my childhood is of the fact that when I was about the age of 16 I engaged in a lively debate with my teacher over the texts of the Bible which were habitually used to fortify the doctrines of Trinity. Whether from timidity at teaching such dangerous subjects or from lack of any concern about these or any other Sunday School instruction and willingness to let any companion who could kindle in himself zeal for such a debate, monopolize the talk, my teacher and I for many a Sunday had the field quite to ourselves while the five or six other pupils listened, and perhaps yawned. I do not mean to declare that I was the only intelligent pupil of the school, but simply that it is my feeling that active intellectual inquiry into the meaning and value of the stock instruction was seldom shown or expected.

When as one of the results of this discussion over the Scriptural authority of the belief in a Tri-God and of the Supreme Divinity of Jesus, at the age of 18 I was able to persuade a group of my older neighbors to establish a Unitarian church in my home village, it devolved upon me as the chief agitator not alone to be clerk and collector of the society, but also in default of any other candidate of equal courage and ardor, to superintend the Sunday School, and often to teach one or another of the classes. How unwisely and unskillfully I may have exercised these functions the recording angel might report, but I comfort myself at this later day with the knowledge that I was, even though a mere youth, as capable for that work as most of the men in oversight of Sunday School classes with whom I had occasion to compare myself in that neighborhood.

There was a break in my ecclesiastical work for a few years (caused by the war for the Union), but as soon as I was established in the Divinity School I was summoned to lead the Sunday School of the nearest parish, and thereafter from my graduation, more than thirty years ago, I never found a time when my services were not required to take the head of my Sunday School besides generally teaching a class. Certainly one may be harnessed to such a work through inner compulsion and outer necessity and not do it very well, nor derive, from such experience, conclusions concerning the best methods of Sunday School conduct which shall be sane and profitable to others. Yet better a dull observer and awkward laborer who has toiled in the field than one whose opinions are wholly from theory, without will or opportunity to try upon actual children the value of his high ideals.

Out of this experience the foremost reflection which I have drawn is that Sunday Schools which are based upon reason as the sole guide to truth—and to that principle must we of the Unitarian church come at last with howsoever much reluctance upon the part of some—ought to conscientiously devote themselves to making their children think, instead (as Sunday Schools so generally do) of aiming to make them feel in an excitable manner; and must accept the penalty which the philosophic among us ministers recognize with regard to preaching, that thoughtfulness will always have a numerically smaller following than the appeal to believe because the belief is old, customary and promises to save the soul from dreadful future danger.

In this respect of getting large numbers into our schools many of our people express perplexity, seeing that our teaching is, on the whole, more intelligent and our rooms and modes of service quite as attractive as those of the orthodox schools which are thronged, not by their own children, but by the outsiders, the children of those who have no church attachments. But plainly we are crippled at the start in our competition for multitudes by the fact that there is a universal prejudice in favor of the dogmatisms and mysteries of traditional Christianity, derived from the very atmosphere of our civilization, from the fact that Catholicism and then Protestantism not widely different in its doctrines and forms from Catholicism, has saturated all literature of the past, all act, all popular speech with its notions that religion is given by miracle to it alone. It is said that a canvas of the theological preferences of the inmates of any prison will show that the majority are of orthodox mind, however unorthodox may be their morals.

In this limitation of the mind's activities chiefly to awe of the past or of mysteries which are above all human understanding, and the presentation of the Bible and the creed as the very utterances of God, which has a magical and a miracle working power, there is a potency over immature intelligence (whether of grown persons or children) not possessed by our rational principle of appealing to the Bible and its spiritual leaders as we appeal to noble thoughts and lives of this living age, because of their intrusive excellence.

There is nothing which can so catch and fix into rigidity the common mind like dogmatic drill; like declaring strenuously and continuously "This is God's revelation to be refused at your peril!" and that dogmatic certainty is impossible for a church of reason. Yet let us not suppose that we have nothing which may move the children's inspiration.

We have in common with the rest of literature the Bible, not indeed used as a magician's apparatus for bewildering the reason, but the literature whose ideas and phrases have been for centuries associated with worship, and with all the highest and tenderest sentiments of the community of which we are a part. And the study of its best ideas, and especially the frequent repetition of the choice utterances of the spirit, in Old Testament poetry and New Testament gospel, will, I am sure, long have a powerful influence upon the healthy and genuine emotions of the intelligent child. I share the opinion of Huxley that the occupation of the field of religious literature by the Bible above all other books, howsoever good, is a point of leverage for the inculcation of faith and morals which is of immense importance which the most rational believer cannot afford to neglect.

So we should, in a wise eclecticism, choosing the most inspired chapters, not only make the Bible our starting point for inculcating faith and duty, but use it much in the forms of worship. And we have religious poetry of the most lofty type, as well as of our own hymn writers of genius in whom the Unitarian church has always been rich, as of the church universal whose best songs of the spirit have been those in which the sectarian shibboleth had little or no place. And these poems are noted in our generation, with good music, sweet melodies, singable without being vulgar and merely catchy.

I have long felt that the most enduring impression upon the religious sentiment in our children will be through the so-called devotional services of the school, wherever they are conducted with good taste and seriousness and spirit.

Songs are carried away into the world and often recalled, when the words of the lesson and the prayer are lost. And the songs of intelligent and sober-minded people ought to be of a type worthy to be repeated, the music not lacking in dignity even when it sings itself as we like to have our child songs do: the poetry thoughtful, true and elevating.

In my school two-fifths of the allotted hour has always been given to the liturgy and the singing, and I feel sure that the average child derives a more lasting religious feeling from this feature than from the didactic instruction of the half hour, more or less, of the class. You remember the often quoted saying that "he who makes the ballads of a nation need not care who makes its laws;" and I am confident that one of the greatest debts of coming generations of organized reasonable religion to our day will be in the contribution made by those of our contemporary Sunday School song book compilers, in the West and in the East, who have shown that children's hymnody may be not beneath the notice of sensible minds who delight in the union of lofty sentiment and alluring harmony, instead of being (as in many an old time Sunday School hymnal) trashy works joined to jingle.

Unfortunately it sometimes happens, as I have now and then known it to be the case in a country church, that there is nobody to lead the singing, and not many singers in the school. That is quite as unhappy a plight as a congregational meeting without music, which would not long be endured if there were any possible remedy.

When we come to the question how to impart a modicum of knowledge of reasonable religion to our Sunday School pupils we have to face many obstacles to efficient work. It is not as if the problem were given good lesson books how to instill a few of their principles into minds eager to learn! Alas, that is the condition with increasing rarity! The excellent teaching apparatus of books and pictures is ours in the Unitarian body, as no other religious society has ever before owned it. And often the bright children are there.

But in our city world, and it is largely so in all villages, the boys and girls are too full of week-day studies to have time or inclination to think beforehand about the Sunday's lesson; there are many members of all the classes who are so irregular of attendance that there can be for them no continuity of instruction, and this, too, upon subjects which are remote from their customary reading and interest. The parents in most cases do not know nor inquire what the children are doing at Sunday School. (I suppose the teachers of secular schools often have the same complaint, although there is a public opinion and a right to administer discipline which brings to bear upon youth a pressure to learn their secular lessons, and is therefore a partial substitute for parental concern) and in our present world with its ten thousand every-day attractions to all minds, young as well as old, with its amusements and its variety of entertaining books, theology, in any technical form, and Bible history are subjects hard to make winning (as is so attested by the diminishing church attendance of all bodies which make any sort of appeal to intelligence) and require a degree of preliminary thought in the pupil's mind, which an increasingly few families of the liberal type supply for either the adults or the children.

And to sow even a few fruitful seeds of the story of religion in the life of humanity, provided we had (as few Sunday Schools can possibly have) the best equipped and most fertile of consecrated teachers for the undertaking—there is allowed to us some thirty or forty minutes!

I have to confess that the prospect of the coming generation knowing much about the sweet reasonableness of religion and the intrinsic quality of the Bible seems not very hopeful when it is considered how many influences are distracting minds from any definite attention to these things. For it is not the Unitarian church alone which confronts this spirit of unreceptiveness of religious teachings, nor is America, with its absence of a state church and of compulsory Bible leading in the public schools, its only nursery. From other churches and from across the sea comes the same lamentation that the Bible is getting to be an unknown book to the rising generations. That it has disappeared from the household reading, and that college boys and girls are for the most part unable to recognize the quotations from it which appear in the general literature studies. Further, the multitudes of the unchurched are steadily reinforced, alike from the prosperous and leisure classes and from the poor and uncultivated with whom religion has in past days been the one idealizing and romantic force of an otherwise depressed and discouraged life.

While this somber outlook upon the future will explain why it is that so much of Sunday School effort is unsatisfactory and unpromising, still for you and me here in deliberation as to our present duty in certain Unitarian churches, the obligation none the less remains to make the best of our opportunity, to teach those upon whom we can lay hold with our utmost intelligence and conscience and leave the questions as to how many girls and boys are likely to remember anything which we have taught, and whether the next century will have any organized faith to that Providence which we may be sure will at least find His own ways of preserving, in the future as He has in the past, the sense of dependence upon Him which is the heart of religions and of Bibles. There are a few simple principles to be kept in mind if we of the Unitarian churches are to fill the place in the religious enlightenment of the times which it is the dream of some of us that a rational religion may occupy as no other theological teaching does. Our schools should use the enlightened text books or lesson papers which our own societies furnish instead of picking up by chance the systems of instruction of orthodox churches. This I say not because of any narrowness of sectarian prejudice, as if a book labeled Unitarian was by that fact alone to be prized above books with any other denominational imprint; but because I judge from an acquaintance with the Unitarian Sunday School manuals of recent years in comparison with all that I know of the issues of other churches that they combine far better than any others the various qualities which are indispensable for enlightened twentieth century Sunday School instruction. They are fully imbued with reverence and devotion which is a point against which our orthodox critics are wont to direct their depreciation of the thrill of rational religion—they endeavor in so far as their subject is some topic drawn from the Bible, to set forth the most intelligent views of the freest scholars of the day; so that we are not receiving antiquated and outgrown conceptions of the way in which Old Testament and New have come to us and of what the writers of the books believed and said; and if their subject is some one or another problem of life and duty the illustrations are drawn from a wide range of sources; and taking the publications of the last twenty years altogether, they cover as varied a field of subjects of study as the different tastes and modes of opinions among us could reasonably demand.

To be sure as I have used these Unitarian lessons in classes of the older and younger pupils (and I have tried all ages) I have not found any of them suitable to be followed in a routine fashion , depending upon the questions and answers which they may present or even adopting the whole argument of a lesson, for the half hour's instruction. The best manual, in the Sun-

day School as in the secular school, is only a hint and guide to the teacher; and particularly as our children, (some of them, mine at least) will not learn any lesson at home, we must catch their minds by such few of the ideas as will interest and profit them; and not indulge the vain expectation that at the end of a year we shall have impressed upon them an active and systematic body of knowledge.

If it were possible that the minister would every week gather his teachers for common study of the next Sunday's work, it might result that the teachers would extract some material for the day's profit from many a lesson which when left to grapple with it by themselves would seem to them hopelessly unfruitful for their special class; for writers of text books when they are most capable and enthusiastic are frequently dull, so impracticable and far away from the minds of your and my pupils.

Then I hold that our Unitarian Sunday Schools fail in their mission if they do not beget the impression that the writers of the Bible and the personages whose stories they recount were actual flesh and blood men and women, and real beings of a type alike to those which we meet in our houses and streets. We are in a transition period, whose reflection appears in the equivocal phraseology of much of our Unitarian teaching in pulpit and Sunday School, when some of us seem not sure whether Jesus was an actual historical man or a sort of personified ideal of what humanity was intended to be in the far off future; or if God and heaven were not near to the era of the Apostles or at least to the church, in its centuries of development, in a sense in which they are not near to the rest of the world. Hence it happens that we sometimes display a fear lest our expressed beliefs may not satisfy the orthodox instead of devoting our single mind to the discovery of the ideas which are sensible, reasonable and true to fact and probability. I hold that our specific mission is to teach the entire naturalness of religion, that it is not miraculous today or yesterday, but that the same universal law which begat beautiful flowers in the spring fields has begotten the beautiful in all ages, in the New Testament world and in the American Republic.

If, as generally happens, the numbers in our schools are small in comparison with those in the orthodox schools, the fact should not depress us. We ought to be used to that experience in noting in the ecclesiastical world, everywhere, that institutions are thronged not in proportion to their ministry to intelligence and their sermons to the loftiest motives of character, but as they feed the emotions, the senses and the inherited prejudices.

A church and a Sunday School is to be measured by the efficiency with which it fits men and women to live well and think honestly and clearly; and a handful of persons in a community who pitch high the standard of religious thought and moral activity are a vastly more creditable product than a host of people who believe blindly and in servility and who help perpetuate ancient errors and low conceptions of righteousness.

GEORGE A. THAYER.

Cincinnati, O.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Christian Science.—A Reply.

To the Editor of UNITY.

Permit me to reply to part of your editorial notes on Christian Science, published in your issues of May 2 and May 9.

In your first note you seem to regard the opposition of schools as of more moment than the opposition of churches. You seem to regard the foundation on which they are built (multiplication table, laws of gravitation, etc., down to mosquitoes) as of firmer stuff than the word of God as given in the Bible. Christian Scientists adhere strictly to the Bible, and claim the right to expect the fulfillment of *all* of its promises, and they are proving every day that God can be taken at His word. The wisdom of this world is properly classified in 1 Corinthians 3:19-20. From the day when Moses led the children of Israel out of bondage down to this hour God has been raising up leaders of the people, and there have always been many complacent people prepared to prove that it could not be done, long after the work was accomplished.

There are today in every walk of life men and women who have been healed of so-called incurable diseases by the power of God as revealed in Christian Science—sinners reclaimed who have been deaf to the pleadings and callous to the tears of wife or mother, or who have tested in vain the power of material remedies to break their bondage. "These are they who have come up out of great tribulation." Neither colleges nor clergy can ever shake their faith in the goodness and omnipotence of God, nor deter like sufferers from proving the truth or falsity of the claims of Christian Science.

In your issue of May 9 you refer to a letter in the New York *Evangelist* from the pen of a Chicago minister. In it he cites with commendable sympathy cases of death under Christian Science treatment, which have come under his notice during his ministry.

No one can regret such a termination of his efforts more than does the conscientious practitioner, whether he be a Christian Scientist or a doctor of medicine. But is it fair to judge either school of practice by its failures? A visit to any Christian Science service will show the unbiased observer a large number of living witnesses to the success of Christian Science practice in every direction covered by materia medica, and including many so-called incurable diseases. (Many of these, says "Pastor," look as though they had never been sick a day in their lives.)

But while the healing of the sick is given the most prominent place by our critics, it is really the least important of the many transformations wrought by this new-old Truth. The physical results are accomplished incidentally in the process of regenerating the whole man, morally and spiritually. This is the secret of the growth of Christian Science. Without this regenerating influence there would be no more permanence to it—no more organization—than in the case of the patients of a successful medical practitioner. It is the realization that wrong thoughts are the basis of sick bodies, and the knowledge that each one must work out his own salvation that makes Christian Scientists the earnest men and women that they are.

ARCHIBALD MCLELLAN.

Chicago, Room 6, 310 Madison street, Chicago.

We are glad to print the above, coming from the pen of one of the prominent practitioners of the Christian Science healing art. It will be seen that as interpreted from the within Christian Science bases itself on an outward revelation, an infallible Bible which has but recently found its adequate key. The claim of "incurable diseases cured" is one that has been repeatedly offered in support of the claim of special revelation and peculiar gifts. We think our correspondent has apprehended us fairly and the real point of issue it may be he has unconsciously well stated. When an antagonism is forced between the multiplication table and the laws of gravitation and "the word of God as given in the Bible," we do not hesitate to declare that the former is of "firmer stuff" than the latter. However absolute "the word of God" may be in the Bible, the centuries prove that it is difficult to apprehend, has often been misunderstood and is today a matter of great controversy in many quarters. But the workings of the multiplication table and the law of gravitation are universal, continuous and everywhere. If there be a God of wisdom and of order these are indisputable revelations of this order and this will.—EDS.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Reviews by Mr. Chadwick.

The First Interpreter of Jesus.*

It will be remembered that some of Professor Gilbert's earlier books have laid him under suspicion of heresy touching the personality and more particularly the pre-existence of Jesus. The case seemed plain enough but in view of the professor's faithful service and the devoted admiration of his classes, it was resolved to give him a year's absence with full pay in order that he might write a book that should contain a fuller exposition of his views. That book now comes to hand. It is supplementary to the "Revelation of Jesus." That was an attempt to draw out the teachings of the gospels; this is an attempt to draw out the teachings of the Epistles, Paul's and the others, and the Apocalypse.

It did not seem probable that it would help the writer's reputation for orthodoxy, and it seems to have spoiled it so effectually as to cost him his position. Yet critically the book is conservative in the extreme. It ascribes to Paul all the epistles traditionally ascribed to him except the epistle to the Hebrews. It writes of James as if it were an apostolic writing, where Harnack considers it an anthology of 135 A. D., a mixture of Greek, Jewish and Christian aphorisms. The First Epistle to Peter is accepted without hesitation and the second, the genuineness of which has been more successfully impeached than that of any other New Testament book, is rather accepted with some doubts than cordially rejected. Concerning the Apocalypse we have the impossible conservatism that it was written together with the Fourth Gospel and three Johannine epistles by the beloved disciple.

But these matters are barely touched upon. They are aside from the main purpose of the book and the implication is that this can be successfully carried out without much reference to them, whereof it is permitted as to doubt. The main purpose of the book is to read off as clearly as possible, and without theological bias, the teachings of the several books in the New Testament. It so happens that the execution of this purpose brings Professor Gilbert's heresies quickly to the front. Beginning with the teachings of St. Paul we read: "Paul regarded Jesus a true man"; "Paul ascribes to Jesus a human origin"; "all the fulness of God dwelt in Jesus, but when He dwells in the believer, the believer also is filled unto all the fulness of God and attains unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of God"; and so on through many instances. "Paul never clearly calls Jesus God," even when confronted by circumstances that would have forced the affirmation if he had cherished it. It is not too much to say that Professor Gilbert's understanding of Paul's Christology is less exalted than that of the average Unitarian scholar in these times. Conservative Unitarians, still bent on shaping their conception of Jesus on New Testament lines, will hail him with unmixed delight.

Prof. Gilbert's exposition impresses us as absolutely sincere and yet in general as the work of a man too perfectly subdued to the theological medium in which he has always worked to be a sound interpreter of New Testament meanings. We cannot believe that Paul's mind was so modern as it is represented here. This difficulty is most obstructive when we come to the Apocalypse. It is called with appalling infelicity "The Christian's Manual of Arms." Possibly we have here a concession to the fighting temper of the time. But the general temper of the exposition seems to us far too abstract. From every concrete aspect the professor shies like a nettlesome horse confronted by an automobile. Thus he refuses the obvious "number of the beast" as designating Nero. Reading the exposition of Renan in his "Anti-Christ" we seem to be getting infinitely nearer to the reality, notwithstanding Renan's theory of history as an imaginative reconstruction to no slight degree. Martineau's comments on the Apocalypse in his "Seat of Authority" also contrast happily with the roseate atmosphere with which Professor Gilbert invests this truculent writing. The critical opinion which regards it as a Jewish Apocalypse of 69 A. D., made over as the first century drew to its close, has much to recommend it, but Professor Gilbert's method leaves it entirely on one side.

*"The First Interpreters of Jesus." By George Holley Gilbert, Ph. D., D.D., New York, Macmillan Company, 1901.

The Writings of King Alfred.

The Macmillan Company has published Frederic Harrison's "Writings of King Alfred," an address delivered at Harvard College in March, 1901. The celebration of King Alfred's virtues which will attend the millenary anniversary of his death next autumn will have no more important literary incident than this address, albeit John Fisk is to make one of the addresses at Winchester, where the local celebration will very properly be held. Mr. Harrison writes of Alfred with genuine and contagious enthusiasm. I speak from the heart because his address has already incited me to buy three other Alfred books. Mr. Harrison's stress is exclusively on Alfred's work as a founder of English literature, or what came to be such. The words in the King Alfred texts bear little resemblance to our modern English. They differ much more from Wycliffe's than does ours from that. In a celebrated passage the only word easily recognizable besides the particles, is "setle" which is the word for "throne" God's throne at that. But Alfred had a style. It is astonishing how much better he could write than Queen Elizabeth.

The Apostles' Creed.

Rev. Stewart Means has translated and Macmillan Company has published Prof. Adolf Harnack's article on the Apostles' Creed from the third edition of Herzog's Realencyclopaedie. The little book resulting is a miracle of learning and as dry as summer's dust. The Apostles' Creed, as we now have it, can be traced back, it seems, only to the beginning of the sixth century. It was not found in Rome in this form until the Middle Ages. It originated in Southern Gaul about 500 A. D. The legend of its apostolic origin, each apostle furnishing a phrase, was soon after invented. But—and this is the important matter—a similar creed was used at Rome as early as 250 A. D. and the idea of its apostolic origin was not of later origin than the fourth century. The relation of this creed to various eastern creeds of early date is too intricate a matter for me to attempt to explicate it here. It was because it passed from Rome into the Roman provinces without any claim as apostolic that it underwent various alterations. After the sixth century the Roman church gradually parted with its own form, but finally took up with the Gallican (the present form) because of its tolerable resemblance to the form of which it had a traditional reminiscence. "Thus the legend [of apostolic origin] which had enriched the old symbol with a halo of glory awoke around the new one and again and for a long time became a power in the Church. Not until the age of the Renaissance and the Reformation was it exploded." For many thousands of simple-minded people it is not exploded yet.

A Progressive Baptist.*

This well printed and well written book is a significant sign of the times. The author, Dr. Boardman, is a strong man, but a progressive man; a stout believer in old things, but also a believer in new things; a loyal Baptist, but a Baptist with vigorous independence. The style is crisp, forceful and attractive. Much of the phraseology is old-fashioned and many of the pages seem backward looking; and yet many paragraphs have a refreshing modernness.

We have here the description of the church from the point of view of a Baptist but a Baptist who is no slave to men's texts. Dr. Boardman insists that immersion is true baptism, and he pleads strenuously for this form; but he contends, contrary to his brethren in general, that baptism itself should not be insisted on as a condition of communion. He would not restrict communion to the immersed, which is the ordinary Baptist rule; but he goes further than other orthodox churches, for he would not make any form of baptism a condition to participation in the Supper. The only requisite in his mind is Christian faith. While a large part of the book is devoted to a discussion of these topics, many other subjects are helpfully discussed, such as "church worship" and "church unification." And on these and other problems the general reader, not in sympathy with his particular theology, will find interest and edification.

Two paragraphs are especially worthy quoting to show the trend and spirit of this vigorous representation of one of the most conservative denominations. One is this: "But even though we had an elaborate record of the evolution of the primitive church as an ecclesiastical organization, it by no means follows that the primitive organization is binding on us today as our ecclesiastical model. Let us never forget that the apostolic period was wholly exceptional alike in its nature, in its endowments, and in its personalities; and it is manifestly absurd to undertake to deduce a canon or a law from an exception. Besides, the primitive church was, as a matter of historic fact, full of imperfections." All very true and good. But when so much is admitted the appeal to apostolic authority, whether in text or custom, ought to be stopped!

This passage is still more hopeful: "If, then, on the one hand, truth cannot do without creed, and if, on the other hand, truth tends to burst creed and creed tends to strangle truth, what are we to do? Simply this: Put new wine into new skins. In other words, recognize the principle of growth and adjust creed accordingly. Do not stereotype your conception of truth. Give it a chance to grow. For the discoveries and achievements of our age are but swaddling-bands for the next. The husk which is a home for the seed as sleeping becomes a prison for the seed as awakened. Christianity is more than a stone, even though that stone were a Koh-i-noor; if it were nothing more than a Koh-i-noor, you might be content with setting it in an exquisite framework of an inflexible creed, and keep it safely locked in your jewel case, unless indeed you take it out for exhibition on Sundays and at denominational conventions. No, Christianity is more than a dead gem; Christianity is a living, unfolding seed, capable of all growths, even that mustard seed of the kingdom which is yet to overshadow earth and eternity. Do not even confine it in any iron cylinder, however capacious or polished; do not expect it to grow along any inexorable groove. Take care of it, water it, guard it; but do not incarcerate it. Give it a free chance to grow. Beware of prejudgments or foregone conclusions."

This is all any one can ask; the liberal in religion can demand no more. Such a statement as this is auspicious and inspiring.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

*"The Church." By George Dana Boardman, D. D., LL. D. 217 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York, 1901. $1.50.

Books About American Indians.*

As students of anthropology we are, of course, delighted at evidences of increasing popular interest in our subject. At the same time such popular interest has its disadvantages. One of these is the present tendency to render fiction through ethnically strange heroes, in geographically and socially strange surroundings. No district is too remote, no population too little known to be seized upon by the fiction writer of today.

Thus in George Lansing Raymond's *Aztec God* the scene is in Mexico and the players are Texcocans and Aztecs. The hero is a Texcocan warrior taken captive by the Aztecs, a Texcocan slave girl, favorite of the Aztec ruler falls in love with him; a cynical, but after all humanly-passioned Texcocan, many years a captive in Mexico, an assistant of the Aztec high priest, plays an important part. The drama has, however, but little Indian flavor. Much as we dislike Mr. Fink's book on love among savage and barbarous races, we wish Dr. Raymond had read it ere he wrote this drama; the play would perhaps be better if he had. There is little life and action in the piece. So far as there is a dramatic element in it, it culminates at the moment when the hero, as representative god, is to be sacrificed with a lyre, which ends below in a sharp point, he strikes down the tyrant and escapes. This incident alone suffices to show how little true to Aztec life the drama is; the best authorities doubt whether the old-time Aztecs possessed any stringed musical instruments.

In *Maya,* William Dudley Foulke presents a prettily told tale into which considerable archaeology and ethnography are woven. The scene is Yucatan. The heroine is Maya, only child of Ahpula, ruler of Mani. She is beautiful, wise and good. Sandoval, a Spanish fugitive, is saved by her through pretending to be divine and marrying the beautiful girl who serves as his priestess. A disappointed lover discovers and unveils their deceit and they are exiled, with a death penalty hanging over them. Though the story is well told the archaeology is at places rather heavily lugged in. Gaps in our actual knowledge of ancient Maya customs are filled in by Aztec data—not always a safe procedure. Sandoval is exasperatingly weak and nerveless and the only vigorous action in the story is that of the heroine.

Leaving fiction, we find *The North Americans of Yesterday* the most pretentious work on American ethnography for popular readers that has appeared for a long time. It is not, however, a work of much importance. Although he has seen much of the American tribes, Mr. Dellenbaugh presents little of original suggestion or thought in the book, which is an unsystematized rehash of the work of the Bureau of Ethnology, with a little matter from other sources occasionally thrown in. The English is frequently vague and incoherent. The illustrations are badly distributed; many do not illustrate anything in the text and of those that do, the larger part are not placed in proper connection. Out of a list of three hundred and thirty-one pictures, two hundred and fifty-nine are borrowed from the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology and the United States National Museum. Were these rare works or the illustrations remarkable

*"The Aztec God and Other Dramas." George Lansing Raymond. 16mo. pp. 447. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London, 1900. "Maya, A Story of Yucutan." William Dudley Foulke. 16mo. pp. x. 219. G. P. Putnams Sons: New York and London, 1900. "The North-Americans of Yesterday." Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. 8mo. pp. xxvi. 487. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London, 1901.

apropos to the text such large borrowing might be excused, but as these reports are to the hand of every student we can only consider it as poor padding. Of the other eighty or so cuts fully half are old and from easily accessible sources. This leaves forty or fewer original illustrations—a surprisingly and disappointingly small contribution. Mr. Dellenbaugh adopts the unfortunate term *Amerind* as a substitute for American Indian. His use of it is so tenacious that in the first half of his book he quite overlooks the adjective *Amerindian,* also recommended by our Washington friends, which, however, he uses sparingly in the latter part of his treatise. Fortunately he does not disfigure the title of his book by using either of these linguistic monstrosities, but speaks simply of the *North Americans* of yesterday. When we remember that Mr. Dellenbaugh is himself an artist, and when we come here and there in the book upon some interesting and thoughtful suggestions—as those regarding cupstones, portrait face urns, fabric-impressed pottery, Maya numeration, etc.—we can only regret that he has not launched forth more independently both in illustration and in treatment. Had he done so he would have produced a much smaller, but a far more important book. FREDERICK STARR.

Minor Notices.

"Voysey." By R. O. Prowse. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This is an unwholesome novel of the psychologic dismal type, but is so entirely without general human interest that its cheap viciousness is not likely to achieve wide circulation. It abounds in miscroscopically minute descriptions of the common-place scenery, ugly houses, boarding-house furniture and depressing weather. Across this dreary expanse of realism run to seed meanders a tepid story of easy-going, prosperous, matter-of-course immorality with no especial temptation or emotion to excuse it; immorality which, with its necessary adjuncts of lying, meanness and treacherous infraction of the hospitalities and sanctities of home, is represented as being as easy and natural to the principal characters (who are supposed to belong to the upper middle class of London society), as sliding down a greased pole. Fortunately in this case, the poor pruriency carries its own disinfectant and sterilizes with it. It is deadly dull.

"The Son of Amram." By G. Monroe Royce. Thos. Whittaker. New York. $1.50.

Twenty years ago this book could hardly have emanated from any but a daringly radical source. Today, however, it bears the name of the rector of the American Church at Munich, Germany. It is an attempt to relate the life of Moses, the Hebrew lawyer, as it might have appeared to his contemporaries, without the assistance of any miraculous interposition whatever—the supernatural incidents of his career being tacitly assured to have been due to the mythical assertions so sure to attach themselves to a national hero during the ages when there is no written record to confine the popular imagination.

This is a fine idea, and for the most part finely carried out, although there are a few minor defects which detract from our complete enjoyment of the story. To mention the least important first, the author employs somewhat slipshod English, notable when he constantly separates the two portions of the infinitive e. g. "to deliberately ingratiate himself" "to continually interfere," etc.

But a more serious demurrer comes when Moses is presented as the foster-brother, the inseparable companion, in short the *alter ego* of Rameses the Great, both before and after his assumption of the crown. He becomes prime minister, head of the army, fiscal administrator and real author and inspirer of all the glories of that greatest of Egyptian reigns. This seems an unwarrantable extension of the Bible narrative if it is, as we believe, entirely unsupported by Egyptian records; though it would be allowed, of course, if the book did not otherwise seek complete scriptural authority. At any rate, the Egyptian part is, we think, rather overloaded with descriptions that suggest too much midnight oil in their composition; and the enormously long conversations of the Pharaoh with his guide, philosopher and friend seem rather forced and unnatural.

Once clear of Egypt, however, the writer falls in love with his subject, and his enthusiasm is contagious. He rehumanizes Moses, dethrones the cloudy Colossus which has glowered down the ages from thunder riven Sinai, and seats among us a man of like passions and affections with ourselves, though separated by surpassing genius, constancy and world wisdom, concentrated by absolute devotion to God and country. Before our eyes he rises and falls—repents his sins and retrieves his mistakes; now punishing the backslidings of the Israelites with fearful severity, and anon prostrating himself before the altar to entreat that their salvation may be assured even at the expense of his own.

"Yet, now if Thou wilt forgive their sin—and if not, blot *me* I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written." Mr. Royce parallels this not unjustly with the prayer of Jesus upon the cross.

So we see the hero, towards the close, growing old and feeble, continually worried by the crudeness and turbulence of his semi-barbarous followers, thwarted and betrayed even by his own brother and sister whom he had exalted to the highest priestly rank—but finally forgiving and reconciling all parties with ever-increasing patience—tried, troubled, tempted, triumphant at last in willing self-effacement and indomitable faith—first of an immortal line—Moses, Alfred, William the Silent, Washington and Lincoln—alike in this that through Red Seas of war and wilderness of trouble they led their people within sight of a Promised Land of peace and prosperity whose threshold their own tired feet would never cross. C. S. K.

At the last day of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, Christopher Jabarra, "Archimandrite of the Apostolic and Patriarchal Throne of the Orthodox Church in Syria and the Whole East," in his address, said: "I believe that God has preserved the Koran, and also preserved Islam, because it has come to correct the doctrines and dogmas of the Christians."

This statement of a Christian prelate of high rank astonished some of the sectarians who were not conversant with the facts, and disproves the reckless statements made against Islam. It is in entire accord with Col. Higginson's statement of the salutary effects of that religion in Africa. The fact that the Koran prohibits the use of intoxicating beverages is an important advantage over the doctrines of the Nazarene. That eminent theologian, Rev. Dr. Momerie, of London, England, in speaking of the religions of the world, after quoting the words of Christ, as follows: "Not every one who sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father," said:

"Mohammed taught the same doctrine of justification by work: 'It is not the flesh and blood ye sacrificed; it is your piety which is acceptable to God. Woe to them that make a show of piety and refuse to help the needy.' Evidently Mohammedanism is not understood by those theologians who condemn it so harshly. Certainly the Archimandrite who resides among the adherents of that faith ought to be good authority, and probably the most pernicious dogma ever taught by

any religion is that held by the so-termed orthodox—the atonement. Christ explicitly declared that "mercy, not sacrifice" was the all important matter. He came not to call the righteous but sinners. The compact creed of that great scholar and friend of Franklin, Voltaire, was, "Love the good God and be good."

QUAKER.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!

MON.—Stronger than the strength that plants the mountains,
Is the shining of the Spirit in the heart lands, bringing day.

TUES.—Who together learn the music life and death unfold,
Know that love is but beginning until love is old.

WED.—No good for one be counted here
Not good for all the land.

THURS.—Spendthrift gods fling out the hours,
Miser gods keep count and weight.

FRI.—Matin calls of duty
Wake us every day.

SAT.—The soul hath lifted moments
Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways.

W. C. GANNETT.

A Sad Little Boy.

A sad little boy
Toiled up the white street,
Cold biting his toes,
Frost nipping his nose,
And nothing to eat.

A dear little girl
Came tripping down street,
Her hair all a-curl,
Her skirts all a-whirl,
Heart tender and sweet.

"You poor little boy!
What's that in your eye?
It looks like a cry;
No wonder,—you're cold,
Your clothes are so old."

"Come right home with me,
Dear mamma to see;
She'll fix you up neat,
New shoes on your feet;
My brother you'll be."

She took his cold hand,
And four happy feet
Went dancing up street,
Dear mamma to find,
So heavenly kind,
And plenty to eat.

ANNA H. FROST.

Coal-Heaving Girls of Japan.

If I were asked to say, of all that I saw in Japan, what that is that lives most vividly in my memory, I should probably shock my artistic reader by saying that it was the loading of a steamship at Nagasaki with coal.

The huge vessel, the Empress of Japan, was one morning, soon after its arrival at Nagasaki, suddenly festooned—I can use no other word—from stem to stern on each side with a series of hanging platforms, the broadest nearest the base and diminishing as they rose, strung together by ropes, and ascending from the sampans, or huge boats in which the coal had been brought alongside the steamer, until the highest and narrowest platform was just below the particular port-hole through which it was received into the ship.

There were, in each case, all along the sides of the ship, some four or five of these platforms, one above another, on each of which stood a young girl. On board the sampans men were busy filling a long line of baskets holding, I should think, each about two buckets of coal, and these were passed up from the sampans in a continuous and unbroken line until they reached their destination, each young girl, as she stood on her particular platform, passing, or rather almost throwing, these huge basketsful of coal to the girl above her, and she again to her mate above her, and so on to the end. The rapidity, skill, and, above all, the rhythmic precision with which, for hours, this really tremendous task was performed was an achievement which might well fill an American athlete with envy and dismay.

As I moved to and fro on the deck above them, watching this unique scene, I took out my watch to time these girls, and again and again I counted sixty-nine baskets—they never fell below sixty—passed on board in this way in a single minute. Think of it for a moment. The task—I ought rather to call it an art, so neatly, simply and gracefully was it done—was this: the young girl stooped to her companion below her, seized from her uplifted hands a huge basket of coal, and then, shooting her lithe arms upward, tossed it laughingly to the girl above her in the ever-ascending chain.

And all the while there was heard, as one passed along from one to another of these chains of living elevators, a clear, rhythmical sound, which I supposed at first to have been produced by some bystander striking the metal string of something like a mandolin, but which I discovered, after a little, was a series of notes produced by the lips of these young coal heavers themselves—distinct, precise, melodious and stimulating. And at this task these girls continued, uninterruptedly and blithely, from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, putting on board in that time, I was told, more than 1,000 tons of coal.

I am quite free to say that I do not believe that there is another body of workfolk in the world who could have performed the same task in the same time and with the same ease.—*Bishop Potter, in the Century.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

AN IMPARTIAL OPINION.—Last summer certain employes of a Munich brewer, M. Pschorr, having asked for an increase in the amount of beer supplied to them gratuitously by their employer, the latter replied to them that he was not an advocate of the use of beer; and that since the quantity of beer allowed to his workmen had been diminished, the cases of illness among them had diminished also. This statement from a man so peculiarly competent to express an opinion on the "beverage of the people" needs no commentary.—*Le Signal (Geneva.)*

THE TESTIMONY OF DUTCH PHYSICIANS.—Six hundred Dutch physicians have signed a statement in which they protest against the absolutely erroneous impression that alcohol is inoffensive. A large number of these doctors are men of age and experience. Their declaration reads as follows: (1) Even the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is always injurious. Alcohol is not in any sense an aid to digestion; quite the contrary. It may create a passing sensation of hunger, but that is all. A large number of stomach troubles attributed to as many different causes, come simply from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks. (2) The popular opinion that alcoholic beverages are stimulants indispensable and harmless to persons called upon for severe muscular exertion by either extreme heat or cold, is a mistaken one. Precisely the contrary has been proved, experience demonstrating the fallacy of the popular prejudice. (3) In all diseases, especially such as are epidemic, the drinking man has a lessened power of resistance. For all these reasons, then, alcoholic drinks should be regarded as dangerous whether regarded from the moral or the physical point of view, and as not to be recommended in any fashion whatsoever as beverages.—*Der Alcohol und seine Gefahren.*

WOMAN'S PROGRESS IN AMERICA.—Various foreign papers are reproducing the following figures recently published by the statistician de Ghelin, not an advocate of broadening the field of woman's activity, showing the numerical gains of the sex in America for the last twenty years:

Sculptors and painters	then	412	now	10,810
Engineers	then	0	now	127
Physicians and surgeons	then	527	now	4,555
Preachers	then	66	now	1,235
Members of legislative bodies	then	5	now	208
Bookkeepers	then	9	now	27,777
Dentists	then	24	now	337

Mention is made also of women engaged in the practice of law, in architecture, astronomy, chemistry, the telegraph and postal service, libraries, etc., to say nothing of such still rather exceptional pursuits as railroading, blacksmithing and the work of the fire department. One wonders why the figures are not given for some of these. Women as telegraph and postal clerks are not peculiar to America, but this is par excellence the home of the woman librarian.

A TRI-CENTENARY.—The famous old theological school at Montauban is celebrating this week its third centennial anniversary. To its simple but appropriate festivities it welcomes all who have been connected with the school even for a brief period. Finding difficulty in securing a complete list of its living alumni and their addresses, the Faculty has addressed to all such a general letter of announcement and invitation, which has been given wide circulation through the medium of the religious press. The exercises begin on the evening of June 4 with an opening sermon by the Rev. C. Sonlier, of Paris. The 5th of June will be given to the reception of delegates followed by addresses from various historians of French protestantism, who will recall the character and achievements of the old Academy of Montauban and its theological faculty in the century just terminated. It is hoped that the rector of the University of Toulouse will preside at the afternoon session. Thursday, the 6th, if weather and circumstances permit, will be given to an excursion into the forest of La Gresigne.

It will be seen that there is no attempt at elaborate display in this program, the idea being rather to give to the gathering the character of a family reunion, making it an occasion for the renewing of old friendships and the forming of new ones, recalling old memories, and linking in closer sympathy and fellowship the students of Montauban past and present.

THE REVEREND DUM.—If one may credit the *Signal de Paris* a certain French politician distinguished alike for erudition and patriotism has been warning his countryman against the Anglo-Swiss tendencies and underhand dealings of a certain Reverend Dum. On closer inspection this obnoxious individual seems to be none other than a certain legislative institution characteristic of the Swiss republic, which some Frenchmen would like to see introduced in their own country, the French pronunciation and accent lending itself very readily to this humerous personification of the *referendum*. American admirers of that Swiss institution will appreciate the joke.—M. E. H.

SUMMER SCHOOL CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.—The present arrangement of the summer school of this university makes it possible for clergymen and teachers to take a full term's work during their usual vacation. The courses offered in the divinity school department are very attractive. Not only will the regular courses of all departments be given, but there will be a large number of open lectures given by prominent scholars. In connection with the divinity school lectures will be delivered by Professor C. R. Gregory, of Leipsic, Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska, Professor Marcus Dods, of the Free Church College, Edinburgh, as well as by President Harper, and Professors Mathews, Willet, and Votaw, of the University of Chicago.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, HELD IN ST. LOUIS, MO.—Resolved, That this conference appreciates the great value of a carefully planned series of missionary meetings for churches desiring the same and recommends that during the coming year the ministers of our several churches heartily co-operate with the secretary in arranging meetings of this character.

Whereas, The strength and influence of the liberal cause must ever depend upon the strength and influence of local centers, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian conference earnestly recommends that the different states constituting this conference shall take immediate steps toward the better organization of their state conferences, thereby quickening the enthusiasm and increasing the means for effective missionary work; and be it further

Resolved, That the secretary and directors of the conference be instructed to further such organization in all possible ways.

Believing that system and order add always to the efficiency of a public meeting, therefore be it

Resolved, That this conference recommends to the program committee of future meetings that each paper and address be strictly limited as to time and that the president be authorized to enforce such limitation.

Resolved, That the Western Unitarian conference sends fraternal greetings to the American Unitarian Association and pledges good will and co-operative energy in the work of extending the influence of our faith and enlarging the borders of our fellowship.

Resolved, That in this opening year of the Twentieth Century the members of the Western Unitarian conference look back upon the work of the past with a serious sense of increasing opportunities, and forward upon the years of work before us with a firm resolve to dedicate ourselves and so far as possible to energize the churches we represent to the fuller accomplishment, in this fiftieth year of our existence as a conference, of the divine ends to whose furtherance we are pledged.

A Comprehensive Trip.

If you are going to California this summer and the round trip rates in effect for the fifth international convention of the Epworth League, should decide you to do so, why not go and return the most interesting ways?

The Southern Pacific Company offer three routes, via St. Paul and Minneapolis, along the northern border and Portland, Oregon, via the famous Shasta route; via Denver, Salt Lake and Ogden, the great Ogden or Overland route; or via New Orleans, through Houston, San Antonio and El Paso, along the Mexican border, the Sunset route.

The tickets, which will be on sale July 6 to 13, inclusive, good for return until August 31, can be purchased to read going via any of these routes and returning via either of the others.

For particulars address W. G. Neimyer, General Western Agent, S. P. Co., 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

...FOR 1901...

JULY 14—AUGUST 18.

TWELFTH SEASON.

OUR AIM.—A school of rest. Recreation is not indolence, mental vacuity is not conducive to physical reconstruction. "Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

OUR METHODS.—No dress parade, no "social functions," as little haste and excitement as possible, early retirement, long sleeps, quiet reading of high books, intimacy with nature studied at short range, frank companionship in the realm of mind, temple uses of God's great cathedral, the holy out-of-doors.

OUR PROGRAM.—1. *Forenoons*, 10 a. m. *First Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. A Search for the Classics in American Poetry, with side studies of recent anthologies, viz.: 1. Dialect. 2. Patriotic. 3. War. 4. Lincoln in Poetry. 5. Ballads and Lyrics. *Second Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. Normal Class Work for Sunday School Teachers and Parents, an introduction to the New Testament, a map and blackboard study of the literary units arranged in their probable chronological order. *Third Week.* Miss Anne B. Mitchell, Leader. "A Study of the Nibelungen Lied in connection with a Musical and Literary Study of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, illustrated with lantern and musical interpretations." *Fourth Week*, Mr. Jones, Leader. John Ruskin as a Sociological Prophet. *Fifth Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. The Master Bards: Browning's "Paracelsus," with side studies in Emerson and Whitman.

II. *Afternoons.* Free and easy work in science, keeping as close as possible to local zoology, botany and geology. Professor L. S. Cheney, of the University of Wisconsin, "Trees and Flowers," Aug. 11-18; Professor W. S. Marshall, of the U. of W., "Insect Life;" Professor O. G. Libby and Chester Jones, "Birds;" Professor E. C. Perisho, "Local Geology;" Hon. R. L. Joiner, Forest Stories.

III. *Evenings*, three nights in the week, lectures, generally with stereopticon illustrations. The following already arranged for: C. N. Brown, Esq., of Madison, "The Boers;" Miss Hunt, of the U. of W., "Life in South Africa;" Dr. Libby has four dozen new bird slides; Mrs. George H. Kemp, Dodgeville, Wis., "The Ragged Schools of London, From Personal Observation." Mr. Jones will lecture on Lincoln and Tolstoy (illustrated).

IV. *Sundays.* Three double meetings, forenoon and afternoon. Basket dinners on alternate Sundays. July 14, Inauguration Day of the Summer School, educational and collegiate. July 28, Teachers' Day: "The Intellectual Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School; "The Moral Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Cordelia Kirkland, of Chicago; Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, of Creston, Iowa, and others. August 11, The Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting. A Congress of religion. Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, is expected to give the afternoon sermon. Aug. 18, closing exercises of the Summer School. Afternoon sermon by Mr. Jones. On alternating Sundays Mr. Jones will give as Vesper Readings, Browning's "Saul," July 21, and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn," Aug. 4.

BUSINESS.—Registration: Fee, admitting the holder to all the classes and lectures during the five weeks, $5; family registration ticket, admitting all members of one family to the same, $7; evening lecture tickets to those not holding registration tickets, $1 for the season. As this is essentially a SCHOOL and not a SUMMER ENCAMPMENT its constituency is necessarily limited. Its value largely depends on continuous attendance and sustained interest. It is hoped that all who intend to profit by these studies will come prepared to stay through to avoid the fever and hurry that too often accompany the vacation guest. No reductions on above rates are arranged for, though reasonable adjustments are always possible. For prices for board, cottage rents, etc., see below.

OFFICERS.—President, Prof. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis.; vice president, Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 815 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

ADDITIONAL DIRECTORS.—Prof. E. C. Perisho, Plattville, Wis.; Prof. William S. Marshall, Madison, Wis.; Rev. L. J. Duncan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; Prof. N. C. Ricker, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, Chicago; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago; Miss Rosalie Winkler, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Mary H. Gooding, Chicago; Rev. Joseph Leiser, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. W. B. Ingwersen, Chicago; Miss Emma Grant Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Mr. Albert McArthur, Chicago.

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THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

This is open from July 1 to Sept. 18. It is beautifully located in the bluff regions of Wisconsin, the Berkshire Hills of the Mississippi Valley, overlooking the Wisconsin River, thirty-five miles from Madison, and three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Special summer rates, round trip from Chicago, $8.02.

Its equipment consists of a common dining hall, eight private cottages, two long-houses, with rooms to accommodate one or two, simply furnished; tents with board floors and furnishings; waterworks, pavilion, ice house, stables and garden. The cottages and long-house accommodations are limited. Applications should be made early. Tents can always be furnished on a few days' notice to accommodate visitors. Aside from the exercises of the Summer School noticed above there will be sunset vesper readings every Sunday evening throughout the summer not otherwise provided for; morning readings by Mr. Jones at Westhope Cottage from 11 to 12. A part of the time at these readings outside of the Summer School this year will be given to a search for the new poets—readings from Stephen Phillips, Moira O'Neill, Yeats, Ernest Rhys, Richard Hovey, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, William Vaughn Moody, etc., etc. Ruskin and Tolstoy will probably be the authors most often in hand this season.

The spirit indicated by the summer school program given above is interpretative of the season. Only those who like a quiet summer, who seek an escape from Society and its artificial demands, who know how to entertain themselves, who believe enough in plain living and high thinking to practically enjoy the regime, implied, had better come to Tower Hill. There are no "attractions" other than plenty of quiet and always beautiful out-of-doors, no attempts to entertain, no styles in dress, but much of the fellowship that is conducive to rest. Saturdays will be preserved sacredly to quiet, rest, bird walks, afternoon drives and sunset suppers under the tree. Informal dancing will always be in order, but there will be no "Dances" or "Social Functions." If possible, lights will be out and all in bed no later than 10 p. m.

PRICES.—Room in long-houses per week, $3, for the season of ten weeks, $20; tents, according to size, $—; board at the dining hall, $4 per week; buckboard fare between Spring Green and the encampment, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents; board and care of horse and carriage, $10 per month. The Tower Hill buckboard is available to guests when not otherwise engaged for rides at the rate of 15 cents an hour for parties of five or more.

CHILDREN.—Miss Wynne Lackersteen, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and for several years an assistant in the University Elementary School, John Dewey, Principal, is prepared to take charge of a limited number of unattended children.

CLASSES in drawing and instruction in music can be arranged for if desired.

For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago, up to June 30; after that, as below.

All mail, express and telegraph matter should be addressed to Spring Green, Wis., care of Tower Hill.

DIRECTORS.—*For Term Ending* 1901: Enos L. Jones, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Edith Lackersteen. *For Term Ending* 1902: John L. Jones, Jenkin Lloyd Jones; president, Miss Cordelia Kirkland. *For Term Ending* 1903: R. L. Joiner, James L. Jones, James Phillip.

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